



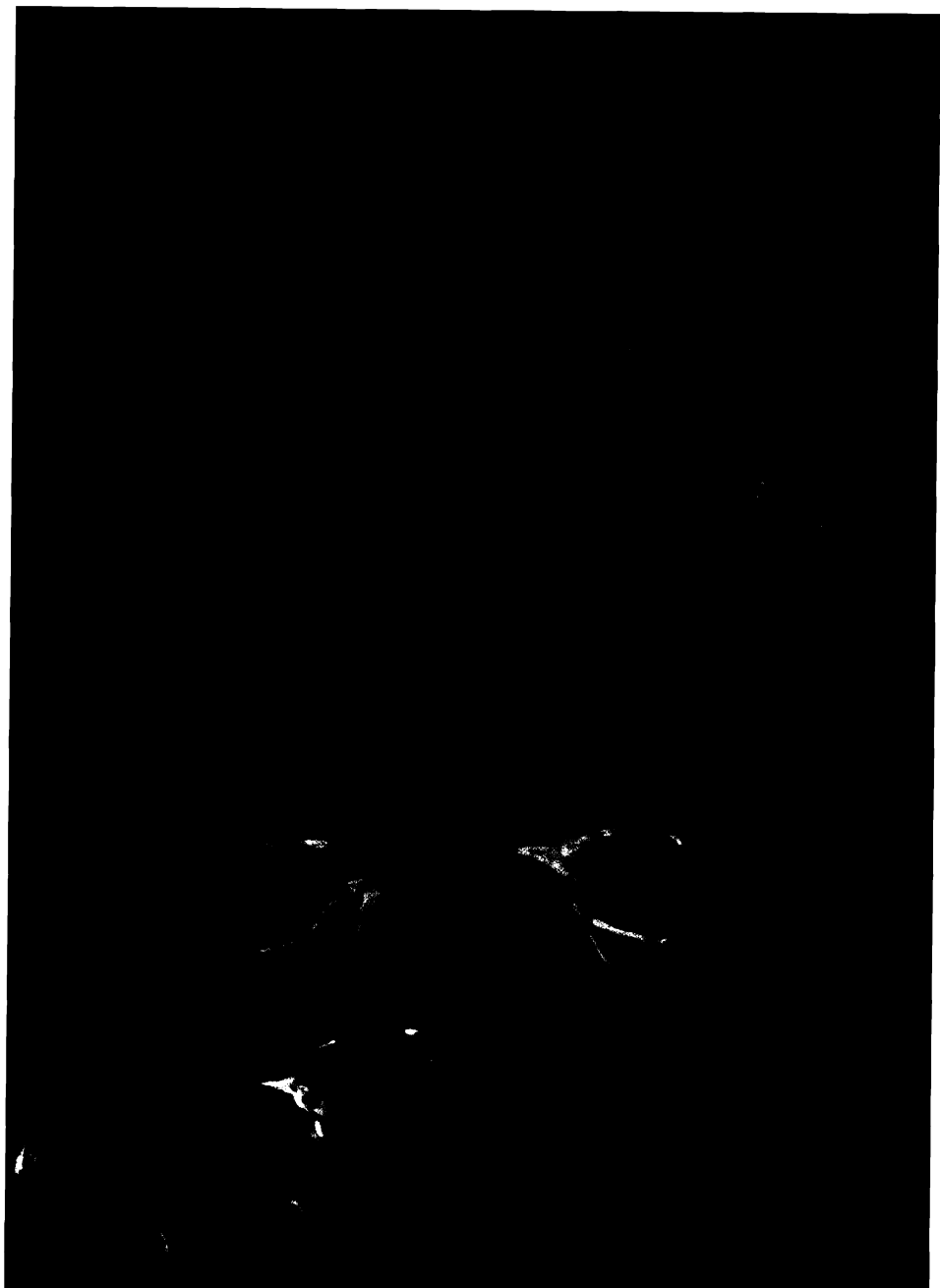
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**THEY'RE AWAY**





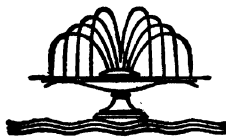


*" They threw their tongues and raced away, heads up, sterns down they flew,  
His lordship was a'calling them—they knew!—they knew!—they knew!"*

# THEY'RE AWAY.

BY

BEATRICE HOLDEN



COLLINS

FOURTEEN ST. JAMES'S PLACE LONDON



**"TO WILFRED AND GREV."**

✓

The author wishes to acknowledge with sincere gratitude her indebtedness to the Editor of *Horse and Hound* for his kind permission to include in this volume poems which originally appeared in his widely-read paper.

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## Foreword

**N**O ONE is better qualified than Mrs. Wilfred Holden to write on Hunting. Blooded on the borders of the Meynell and Quorn in the great days of Tom Firr, she comes from a long line of squires who off and on since 1700 have hunted hounds over Leicestershire and provided the Quorn with two masters and the Atherstone with one.

Beatrice Paget was drafted on her marriage into Warwickshire, where with her husband she showed the way over the Kington Vale for twenty-five seasons, at a time when the field was made up of "Fred, Frank, Basil and Buck" (see p. 9), Freake Hargreaves, Hanbury, Buckmaster—besides the redoubtable Miller-Nickalls family, and commanded by Lord Willoughby de Broke. Mrs. Holden, besides being a fearless rider, a first-class and very knowledgeable horsewoman, has a very pretty wit.

For the last three years poems have been appearing in *Horse and Hounds* above the pseudonym "Peccavi." They created quite a stir, and when they continued to appear during these dark days, like the moon on a cloudy night, people wondered who this "Peccavi" was, who breathed that indomitable courage which "hangs on" when all else is spent and gone, holding on high the torch of hope amidst the storm.

Life has not been all a path of roses to our generation; we've all taken a purler or two, but here's one bloody and bruised scrambling up to take on another obstacle, just as "hairy," with half the wind out of horse and rider.

This poet has set out to recall the best of the good old days, and to inspire us to struggle through the plough on to the old turf again. She has chosen many metres and sung of many things beside the Fox. The "King's Derby" strikes the perfect note of harmony which exists between Prince and Peasant and brings back in vivid colours that unforgettable

scene; Shuckburgh Hill and Most Beautiful are also striking examples of her flair for vivid impressionism. Then the little Admiral—God bless him! What a holy little terror! Though left out for quite a while, turning up at the kennel door under his own steam with Musso's mask in his mouth!\*

These and other poems have been collected and made into a book which Lionel Edwards has illustrated with that truth and delicacy which we always look for and find in him. Which is the best it's hard to say, perhaps Most Beautiful or Lord Harrington. Edwards is a great master and it is a pity that some of our R.A.'s do not take lessons from him instead of pretending to despise sporting art.

The Poet and the Artist (and what an artist each is in his own particular field), have worked in perfect harmony to turn out a book which is bound to give pleasure to many classes of Sportsmen, who also should not entirely forget to thank the publisher, Mr. William Collins. Publishers, strange as it may seem to some authors, do have quite a considerable share in the ultimate creation of "a joy for ever."

GUY PAGET.

\* Admiral Sir Walter Cowan was taken prisoner in Africa when on reconnaissance and was sent back to arrange the surrender of Italy without a parole. He was well over 70 at the time.

## *On Shuckburgh Hill*

*The Warwickshire Hounds met at Shuckburgh on Monday, November 1st,  
at 10.45.*

I stand alone on Shuckburgh Hill,  
Alone that is it seems,  
But Shuckburgh Hill is full for me  
With people of my dreams.  
A hazy sun is breaking through  
The wintry morning clouds,  
As five and twenty couple come  
Ajogging through the crowds.  
“Hounds, please”—and as they pull aside  
To let the beauties through—  
I see again my friends of yore,  
And almost think it true.  
Willoughby's there on his long-tailed grey,  
Jack Brown and Willie Boore.  
And Fred and Frank, Basil and Buck,  
And a couple of hundred more.  
We ride again as we rode that day  
When they ran from Flecknoe Gorse,  
And thanked our stars 'twas the opening day  
And we'd each got our champion horse.  
They ran as straight as a billiard cue,  
As fast as a hawk can fly,  
I dreamed (but alas! it was only a dream)  
There was You and two others and I.  
We glanced behind and saw with glee  
The scattered lab'ring field.  
“Selfish” you say—I suppose you're right,  
But no man's going to yield  
To his dearest pal when the hunt is up,



15

*On Shuckburgh Hill.*

And hounds are running fast,  
It's every man for himself, old chap,  
And the Devil may take the last!  
Forty-five minutes they raced away  
With never a sign of a check;  
There were four of us with them and no one in front,  
We were riding the line neck and neck.  
There was never a sign of a field of plough,  
There was never a sign of wire.  
(We shouldn't have stopped if there were, you know,  
"The pace was too good to inquire".)  
But just as the end of this hunt was in view  
I awoke from my marvellous dream.  
There was no one in sight, not a sound to be heard  
Except from the babbling stream.  
Then a gaggle of planes went roaring above,  
A convoy went Southam way—  
And I knew there never could be again  
*Our* sort of a Shuckburgh day.  
Concrete, and plough, and wire are rife,  
'Dromes seem all over the place.  
There's a town below in the Red Horse Vale  
Where the Warwickshire set the pace.  
*Vale!* indeed. I am tired and spent,  
With these days so sad and laborious,  
But we've had the delights of those good old days,  
They were better than good—they were GLORIOUS.



## *An Appreciation*

*To "Horse and Hound" and "The Old Crock."*

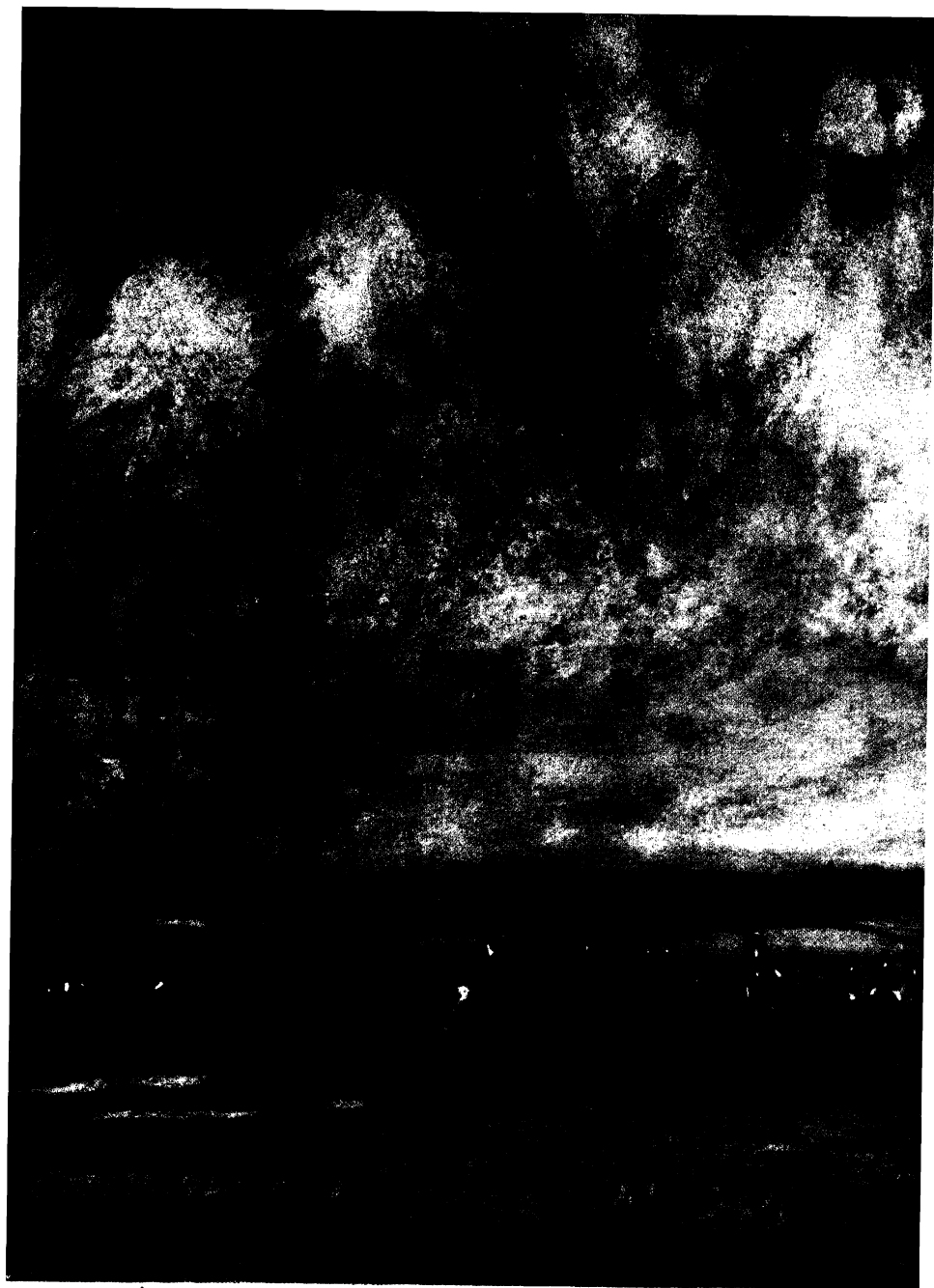
My dear "Old Crock," I send you grateful thanks,  
From those who now employ that pony "Shanks."  
For all the memories you swiftly bring  
When your prolific pen begins to sing.  
Crouching beside a meagre, rationed fire,  
One turns a listless head just to inquire—  
"Anything come by post except the usual round?"  
"Yes, Madam,—Please, they've sent the *Horse and Hound*."

The whole scene changes! I am on a horse,  
As he of old once sat at Ranksboro' Gorse;  
All Midas's riches could not bring us more  
Of Heaven than did those carefree days of yore—  
Thankful to fate and luck that we were born  
In countries of the Meynell, Fernie's, Quorn—  
Countries beloved by our hard-riding sires,  
Those happy hunting grounds, my friend, the SHIRES.

"The Cream of Leicestershire." Letters by "Q,"  
Otho, and Pennell Elmhirst—how they knew  
To paint with pen, instead of artist's brush,  
That wild, ecstatic, almost war-like rush,  
When twice two hundred horsemen challenged Fate  
Down Gartree Hill—away from Kirby Gate!

Those scribes were sent to witch us one and all,  
To write of hunts, and thus our hearts enthrall,  
With memories of those days of utter bliss—  
"Heaven itself might almost be like this."





*"Those happy hunting grounds"*

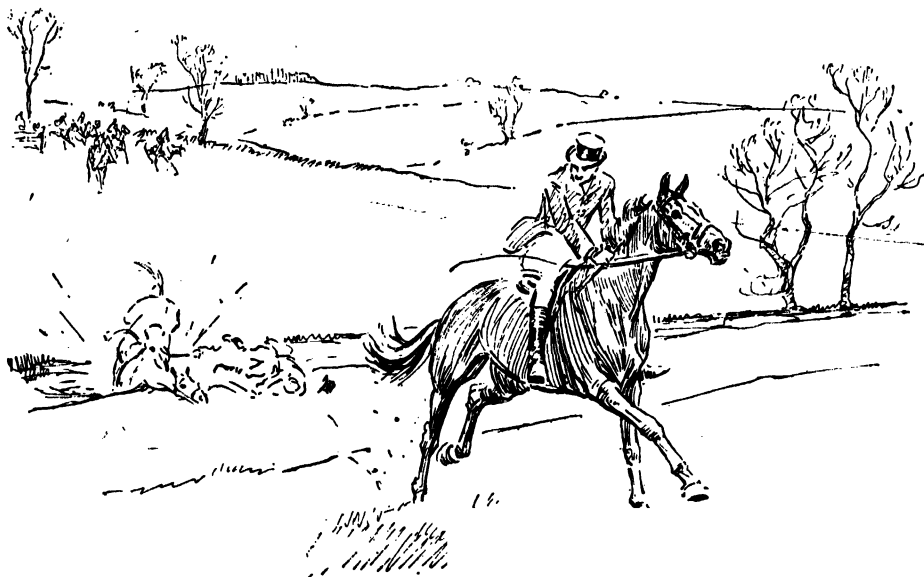


*SHIRES."*

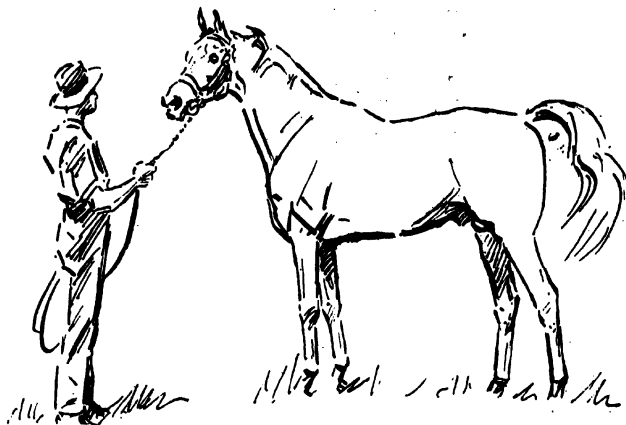


“Holyhead” reaching at his bit, or “Swagger”  
Snorting defiance at that “carpet-bagger”  
(Horses you know, like many other nobs,  
Are very often perfect equine snobs),  
Skimming the water like a summer swallow,  
Hearing the splash of those who strive to follow.  
Thirty-five minutes in the Red Horse Vale,  
Shades of Whyte-Melville! Surtees! What a tale!  
They each could write of that Elysium—  
Before this world grew cold, and sad, and numb!

I must close down—as usual, dear “O.C.”  
You’ve made a babbling skirting thing of me;  
I started out to say, “O.C.” that YOU  
Can write as well as Otho Paget (“Q”),  
And “Brooksby” who, with “Cream of Leicestershire”  
Set every huntsman’s eager soul afire;  
So THANK you once again; through you I’ve found  
Old joys, old memories, old friends, in *Horse and Hound*.



*Hearing the splash of those who strive to follow.*



### *Most Beautiful*

There were four of them sitting one winter's night  
Round a crackling beech log fire,  
An artist—a huntsman—an owner and then  
Our dearly-beloved old Squire.

"What's the most beautiful thing in the world?"

Asked the Squire. "Why really, of course,  
Without any doubt," the Owner exclaimed,

"A perfect thoroughbred horse!  
Breeding and symmetry—beauty of line,  
Courage, endurance are there—

If you do not believe me come round and look  
At my Chestnut Hyperion mare."

"Yes, that's very true," the Huntsman replied,

"But nothing I'll swear can beat  
A stallion hound like old 'Ringwood' here—  
Look at his back and his feet!

Look at the way his ribs are sprung,  
The sense in his eyes, like a man,  
The length of his neck—his carriage of stern  
And his beautiful Belvoir tan."



The Artist mused, "Be it far from me  
To obtrude any ideas of mine,  
But it's obvious, of course, there's nothing can touch  
The feminine form divine.  
The wonderful tint of a woman's skin  
Her eyes—(be they brown or blue)—  
The Heaven itself when she turns and looks  
With the whole of her soul at you.  
I could go on for hours retailing her charms  
And tell of her exquisite figure"—  
"Doubtless, old man," said the Squire, alarmed,  
"But it would hardly be 'de rigueur,'  
Your horse, your hound and your lovely girl  
(No doubt she's a bundle of charms)  
Can never compare with the old Hall here,  
The woods, the pastures and farms;  
There's nothing so lovely, so close to one's heart  
As this England of ours, I know,  
She gets a hold of your soul, my boys,  
You'll find that she never lets go."  
The three men jumped to their feet like one,  
And each raised his glass above,  
And drank in absolute unison,  
"To England! The land that we love!"  
Then they all sat down (and I'm bound to confess  
They made it a pretty late night);  
But each, as he knocked out his pipe at the end,  
Said, "Squire, by heavens, you're right."





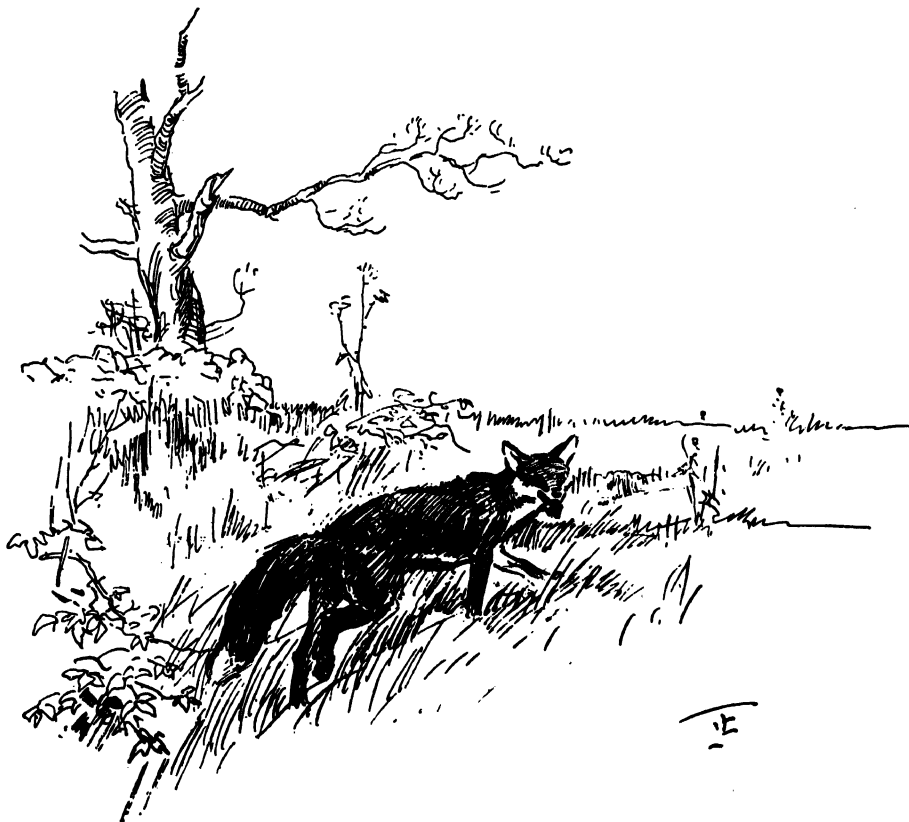
The Earl of Harrington  
M.P.

## *A Closing Memory of Lord Harrington*

*His Last Hunt—"It's Home, Gentlemen."*

These verses were inspired by a letter to the author from the Baroness Burton, of Rangemore, Burton-on-Trent, an extract from which reads as follows: "You do not mention, however, in your article on Lord Harrington a very curious incident, viz., that which happened after his Lordship's death. He left in his will that his hounds were to hunt the first convenient day after his funeral at Elvaston. Fred Earp duly took hounds out in accordance with his Master's wishes, but only a few others were present. The pack found in the Policies, and ran straight to Lord Harrington's grave, where they checked. Fred Earp then remarked, 'Well, gentlemen, I am going home; His Lordship has called his hounds.'"

Said Wistful to Wanderer, "It's a lovely hunting morn,"  
Said Wanderer to Wistful, "Hush! I fancy that's the horn;  
I believe I see his Lordship at the far end on the grey,  
And it's very strange, because I thought they'd taken him away.  
Fred Earp was telling Keeper that his Lordship's gone to rest,  
And he'd lost the finest Master, and the greatest, and the best;  
Yet I seem to hear him calling (for now I cannot see him),



*A big grey fox broke covert.*

Have a care, Wanderer! Gently! Do you think that it *can* be him? ”

And as Wanderer spoke to Wistful a big grey fox broke covert,  
And Fred's voice came o'er the breeze with “Lui in, my lads,  
yoi over!”

And said Wistful unto Wanderer, “Why don't he blow his horn?  
He doesn't seem to notice that a big grey fox has gone.”

“And *that's* very strange,” said Wanderer, “and I've simply got  
to go.”

They topped the fence together for they'd heard a tally-ho-o-o!  
It seemed to them they *had* to go—they hadn't any choice,  
'Cos of “Forrard!—Forrard!—Forrard!” in their own dear  
Master's voice,

They threw their tongues and raced away, heads up, sterns down  
they flew,

His Lordship was a'calling them—they knew!—they knew!  
they knew!

Five and twenty couple frantic, straining, fleet,.

A sheet could have covered them (Ah, yes! a winding sheet;)

Five and thirty minutes up to the Golden Gates,\*

Straight as a line to the churchyard, “where,” said they, “his  
Lordship waits.”

There was never a sign of the big grey fox—the grass was  
trampled and pressed

Where yesterday the best-loved man in the Midlands was laid  
to rest.

. . . . .  
Fred whispered to the solemn field  
Bare-headed amongst the mounds,  
“Gentlemen, I am taking them Home;  
His Lordship has called his Hounds.”

\* The big gates at the main avenue leading to Elvaston Castle have always been known  
as the “*Golden Gates*.”

## *Cub-Hunting*

Jogging through the morning mist, dewdrops all agleaming,  
'Ware rabbit, Ranter—gently; 'ware 'oss, Dreaming;  
Trimbush trotting like his sire, just beside my stirrup.  
Old mare playing "bird-shy," bucks at every chirrup.

What a rattling covey skimming o'er the stubble,  
Sixteen little brown birds, they'll be in for trouble,  
Flying over Blazer's land—fella's mad on shooting;  
"Turn hounds up this corner, Fred, there's a lorry hooting.

"That's a pretty bitch, Fred—I love that Belvoir tan.  
Confound you! Mind the hounds, Sir!" (A rotten City man!)  
"Wish I'd lived in uncle's time, when the roads were clear,  
Come on through his Grace's park—get 'em used to deer."

Timber felling everywhere, chestnut, oak trees, beech;  
There's a brace of jays gone on; how the beggars screech!  
Take 'em through the ford, Fred; let 'em have a drink,  
Look at Father Heron fishing on the brink."

Pause for half a minute while I light my pipe,  
There's a whopper rising, yonder goes a snipe.  
Now lui in, my beauties, mind that bouncing hare,  
'Ware hare—'ware hare, Jailor; gen-n-tly, have a care.

"Any cubs here, keeper?" "Yes, sir, five afoot."  
"Good! Get round the covert, lads, while I give a toot."  
Pretty little beggars—hate to see them die;  
Still, they've had their fun, you know, same as you and I.



*Come on through his Grace's park—get 'em used to deer.*

Crack of whip on Sparkshall boot, "Get back, Charlie, hey!"  
A brace of cubs have dodged the pack to fight another day;  
Crash of brambles, buzz of flies, jingling chink of chain,  
Whirr of flapping pigeons' wings, distant sound of train.

Scarlet blaze of mountain ash, crow of old cock pheasant,  
"*Tou're* all right, old fellow—anyhow, at present."  
What's the time? let's have a look; getting on for seven,  
Better go to Paget's Gorse, must be home by 'leven.

Got to see the miller's man, got to see the farriers;  
Got to see the knacker, too, got to see those harriers:  
Got to see the Drages, got to write to Tatts ;  
Got to get in touch with Lock's, order two new hats.

Got to go and see about a saddle for Evadne;  
Got to wire to Peterborough, phone to Swaine and Adeney;  
Dash it! Haven't time to breathe, but *how* they worked this  
morning,  
Trimbush, Joyous, Rattler, Daystar, Mermaid, little Dawning.

What a topping entry! Belvoir! Fernie! Quorn!  
Finest blood in England; how they love the horn!  
"Not a yard of scent, Fred. Heavens, but it's hot!  
Who *would* be an M.F.H., and—who the hell would *not*."

# *A Contrast*

*August 12, 1938.*

We used to be up on the moors to-day,  
It seems like a wonderful dream—  
“Mark over! Good shot, sir!” a brace fallen dead  
In the rushes below by the stream.

Your Purdey is doing its wonderful best,  
Your Labrador steady as time,  
The world is as gay as a rainbow, you feel—  
(Blast the fellow! That last bird was mine).

“Hold ’em up! Hold ’em up!” is the far-distant cry  
Of the beaters advancing in line;  
“Bring ’em down! Bring ’em down!” you inwardly pray!  
And, by Jove! you achieve it each time!

How lucky I toddled to bed when I did!  
Refused that last whisky and soda;  
I could *hardly* resist that Corona cigar.  
“Here they come! Hurry up!” (to your loader).

How luscious the luncheon! How lovely the scene!  
As you gaze o’er the sea past the Isles;  
“That black bitch of yours is a wonder, old man,  
You will work her, of course, in the trials ? ”

“Are you shooting with Dick when you go on from here?”  
“No, I’ve got to be South for the races;  
My trainer has written the ‘Bold Archer’ colt  
Looks what we might call “going places.”



*A Contrast—August 12, 1938.*

“I’m running the mare in the big race, you know;  
Wragg rides, and they all of them say—  
If the going is soft and ‘The Nautch Girl’ is fit,  
’Twill be ‘Wragg-time’ on Cambridgeshire day.

“Yes; I’m racing at Newmarket most of the time  
In October, and then shooting pheasants;  
There are any amount, and of partridges, too,  
And rabbits—(They go to the peasants).”



“Are your stables full up? Have you still got the black?  
He’s certain to win, I should think;  
He will spin at the West Country meeting, I guess.”  
“Just pass me the smokes and the drink.”

*August 12, 1942.*

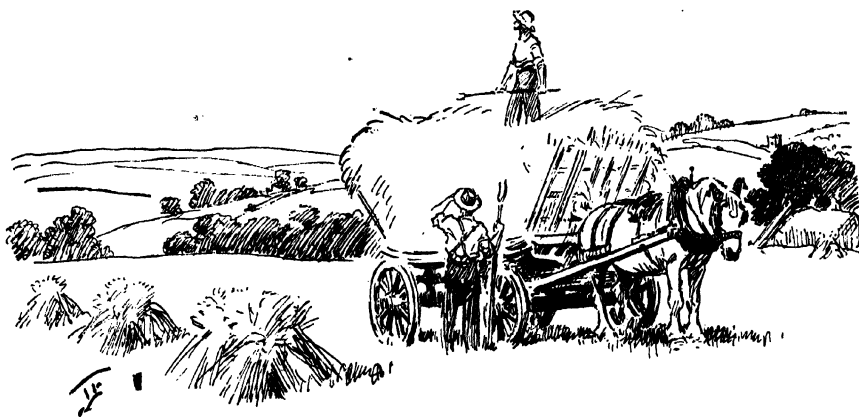
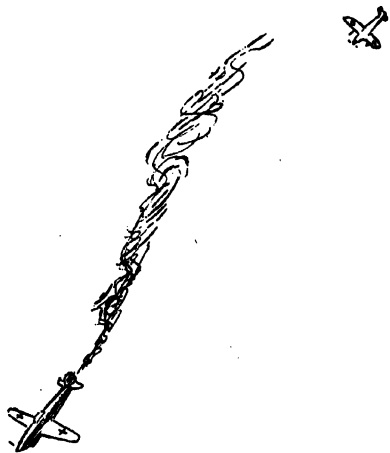
“I’ve wired my trainer to put down the stud;  
The stables are all full of sows.  
I’ve kept the black horse—but he’s pulling the float.  
And my Missus is milking the cows.

“They’ve cut down the coverts and ploughed up the land,  
The gallops are barley and roots,  
The golf course looks odd with its flourishing beans,  
But nobody bothers two hoots.

“We’re up in the skies, dear old fellow; to-day  
You’re using a new sort of gun;  
'Mark over! Good burst, Sir! The blighter is hit,  
And down comes a rocketing Hun.

“Yes! We’re up in the skies, old companion, to-day—  
No wonder we cheered and we laughed;  
The Spitfire gave him her best, bless her heart—  
That’s the twenty-first Nazi we’ve strafed.

“We will all shoot again on the moors on the Twelfth,  
We will hunt and we’ll race as of old;  
But first we’ll put paid to the Nazis’ account,  
And we’ll pay him in *marks*, not in *gold*.”



*A Contrast—August 12, 1942.*

## *“ Peccavi ” Explains Shuckburgh Hil*

I didn't intend to be gloomy  
Or write of the things which are sad,  
It's only I found myself thinking that night  
Of the wonderful run that we'd had.  
There's really no reason why all of you now  
Shouldn't taste of the same sort of Heaven  
As I and three others enjoyed that day  
With the Warwickshire—Nineteen eleven.  
Of course it's sad to be looking back  
(Lot's wife p'raps wouldn't have halted  
Had she known that when she turned her head  
She was going to be “a-salted”),  
Hunting will always continue, I'm sure,  
Though a little bit changed from the past,  
The run will be just as good as before  
The hounds and the horses as fast.  
The spirit of fellowship still will exist  
The absolute essence of sport,  
And the hundreds of other essential things,  
Which you boys and you girls have been taught.  
Love of the Horse, and love of the Hound,  
Love of the Countryside;  
Pluck and decision, and using your head,  
Not one of these virtues have died.  
So here's to the sport of the future, my friends,  
May the Saints all bless ye and save ye,  
Is the wish of the one who is writing you now.  
Yours hopefully always—“Peccavi.”



## *Voces Equinae*

Have horses brains? Now come on all your foxers  
Who've spent your lives amongst the Shires and Oxers.  
Surely amongst you all one brain or two  
Would like to voice what we have done for you?  
Recall that time, old man, with whip and spur  
You shouted "Come on jump, you wretched cur,  
Hounds are away and we are fairly left."  
If I had jumped, of life you'd been bereft.  
Brave as you are I guess you might perspire  
If you had seen that strand of hidden wire.  
The old mare chuckled as we stood together  
(Nibbling at gorse and snatching at the heather,  
Trying in vain to whisk away the flies—  
Because you've docked our tails they blind our eyes).  
"Have horses brains? Well, really now I must  
Have a horse laugh—this is a real Brains Trust.  
Remember when we struggled through the fog,  
I brought you safe home from the Duck and Dog.  
In India do you recollect m'Lud  
A "Simla Case"—I saved you from that Khud,  
A longish drop; longer a lot by far  
Than that you met when winning at the Bar.  
And I, my boy, at Hurlingham that day  
Followed the ball and snatched it from the bay,

Dribbled it with my hoof, outpaced them all,  
'Twas me, it wasn't you who hit that ball.  
You sold me sharp for fifteen hundred quid,  
*You* got that winning goal? You know *I* did.  
My Granny told me when they shouted "fire"  
She and her mates (the old girl's not a liar)  
Would gallop to the engine—and be ready  
Though flames might singe and sparks fall, always steady.  
Have horses brains? Ask Steve and old "Brown Jack,"  
Ask any "Shelt" with helpless child on back,  
"Peccavi loq."—(I know I had a 30 inch called "Fanny"—  
Who took more care of me than any Nanny.)  
You keep us up in boxes, girth us tight,  
We very often hardly see the light,  
Put in our mouths most evil, cruel bits,  
And if in harness, tack which never fits.  
It's endless, all the stupid things you do,  
And yet we try to keep on helping you.

"Horses are fools!" *Some* are I own, but then  
The wise God made 'em so to match with men!



*Followed the Ball.*

*To Admiral Sir Walter Cowan,*  
*K.G.B., C.B., D.S.O., M.V.O., etc.*

So you who have never been pounded,  
Have now been impounded at last ;  
Ah! Walter you've come to an oxer,  
That would stop even you in the past.

I don't know how they achieved it,  
By treachery—sand storms—or fire ;  
The one thing I've ever seen stop you  
Was five foot two of barbed wire.

I can still see you gallantly leading  
The van, as he broke from the Holt ;  
You were up as he ran into Shuckburgh,  
(You were riding a three-year-old colt).

I can see you away too from Oxhill,  
By Jove! but you made them look silly ;  
They all turned their tails as you jumped the high rails,  
(You were riding a three-year-old filly).

You are old Father "Walter" the young man said,  
(Or something like that the verse ran);  
Well, it's quite plain to me Lewis Carroll  
Had never met Walter Cowan.

I've written these lines in a spirit of fun—  
(We often must laugh lest we weep)  
But we're all of us hoping and praying for you,  
*You'll* win through though the going is deep.

You've ridden through life like a hero,  
You have never been stopped when hounds ran ;  
You don't measure greatly in inches,  
But—by Heaven! you're a great little man!



*They all turned their tails as you jumped the high rails.*





*“There will be no more Racing at Derby”*

No more racing at Derby!  
That rings indeed like a knell;  
No more racing at Derby,  
The course which we loved so well,  
The best straight mile in England,  
And the dear old Derby Cup,  
“Chnette” won it the year I mean,  
Beatty trained her, and Wheatley was up.  
The fun and the entertaining! Lady Mosley’s ball,  
Fifty coming from Chatsworth House,  
And thirty from Radbourne Hall.  
Every house is full for miles,  
Hunting-box, castle, mansion,  
“No more room? Oh! squeeze them in  
There’s always a bit of expansion!”  
Three days’ racing, Poker at night,  
Friday the Rolleston Ball,  
Saturday hunting, the Meynell are close,  
Who cares a straw for a fall!



The wonderful luncheons the Members gave  
 In their rooms at the back of the stand,  
 The wonderful welcome they gave you too,  
 "Hallo! old fellow, that's grand!"  
 "Lobster and chicken, turkey or ham,  
 Or do you prefer game-pie?"  
 "Champagne, whisky or port, m'Lord?"  
 From the butler standing by.  
 "How have you done on the meeting?  
 Not had the best of luck?  
 Get it all back on my brother's mare,  
 That chestnut, "Flying Duck."  
 You don't like to bet on Apprentices' race?  
 One never knows what's in the bag,  
 Ah! but we've got a top-hole boy,  
 Sheffield lad called Wragg,\*  
 What did I tell you? She's won as she liked,  
 That little lad rides well,  
 See you again when they've run this race,  
 There goes the saddling bell.  
 See you again at the ball to-night,  
 Let's go to supper together,  
 A topping meeting. What sport it's been!  
 And marvellous luck with the weather!"  
 "There'll be no more racing at Derby"  
 They sent me the news on Sunday,  
 It was lovely fun, but the course is run,  
 "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

\* H. Wragg rode his first winner in the Apprentice's Plate  
 at Derby on Major J. B. Paget's "Flying Duck."  
 Major J. B. Paget is brother to "Peccavi."



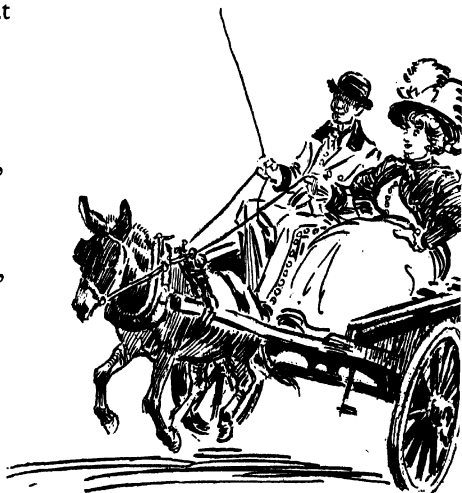


## *Hugh Cecil Lowther,*

*K.G., G.C.V.O., Fifth Earl of Lonsdale.*

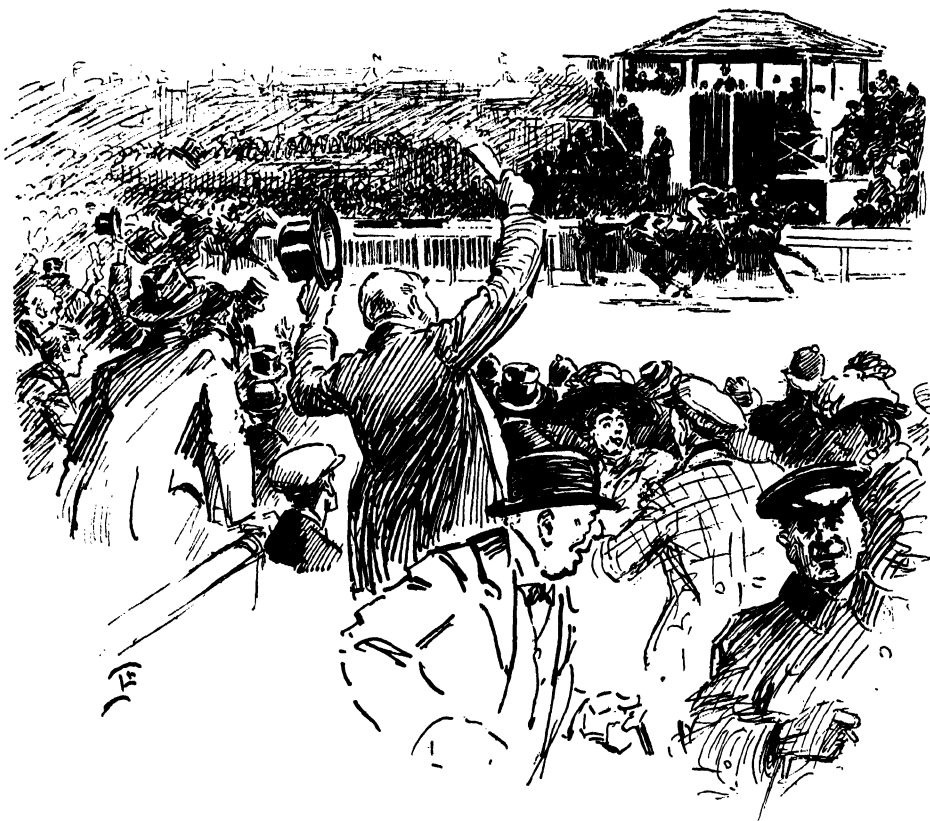


A man has come and gone;  
leaving this world the poorer  
By reason of his loss,  
yet how much richer too,  
Since into every phase of life he entered  
His one thought was what good he there could do.  
Beloved by all, the friend of Kings and Costers,  
Himself a King in all he undertook,  
The Ring, the Field, the Turf and on the Moorland  
He reigned supreme, how grand he used to look  
Hunting his hounds (and how each hound adored him!)  
Leading the van across his well-loved shires,  
Or, on his hack at Newmarket, inspecting  
The coming colts by England's leading sires.  
At Ascot too, amid the glittering pageant,  
Lonsdale stood out, you hardly felt you'd been there  
Unless you'd seen the Yellow Earl arriving  
Complete with black frockcoat  
and white gardenia!  
This man was quite unique,  
and with his passing  
We give a sigh,  
filled with regretful pain,  
For well all we who had  
the joy to know him  
Know too "we ne'er shall  
look upon his like again."



## *The King's Derby*

The most excitin' race I ever saw Sir?  
Well! I don't think that takes very much decidin',  
'Twas King Edward won the race,  
An' Epsom was the place,  
An' Herbert Jones it was that were aridin',  
I don't need to tell to you  
That the colt was "Minoru."  
The closest race it was I ever saw,  
For there was only a nose,  
(Not as much, I don't suppose),  
'Twixt "Minoru" and Raphael's colt "Louvois."  
You couldn't tell the winner,  
As I'm a livin' sinner,  
You might 'ave 'eard a pin fall on the sward,  
While the thousands waited breathless,  
The silence it was deathless,  
Until Number 12 was hoisted on the board.  
Then the roar just shook the town,  
For the King was coming down  
(He was smilin', and delighted with his win).  
The crowd it just went daft,  
You really would have laughed  
To see the hats atossing in the air,  
Not a man had got his hat on,  
They were trampled, they were sat on.  
Ah! many a one there was whose head was bare  
For the rest of that day's racing in the heat.  
But d'ye think they'd mind?  
The British ain't that kind,  
*Not likely*, when the King's horse wasn't beat.



*The crowd it just went daft.*

The Foreigners were there,  
Ah! Lord! how they did stare  
To see the King a walking through the crowd,  
All alone, and unattended,  
Completely undefended  
It somehow did make one feel pretty proud.  
His smile was quick and ready,  
They were *yelling* "Good old Teddy!"  
"God bless you, Sir! the very best of luck!"  
A Frenchie turned to me,  
"Your King," he said, said he,  
"My vord, that King of yours 'e 'ave got pluck."

You have no police above him?"  
"Gorblimey, *No*, we love him,  
Why, we worships every hair upon his head."  
I expect you won't believe me,  
But I swear I don't deceive you,  
But I found myself a patting of the King  
Upon his Royal shoulder,  
An' then I got far bolder  
An' I says, "Oh, Sir! I *am* that glad you won."  
The King he must have heard,  
For he smiles into his beard,  
And "Thank you one and all so much," says he,  
"I am very, very grateful,"  
*Well*, I felt I'd had a plateful,  
Wouldn't you?

. . . . .

Aye! 'tis over long ago,  
My hair is white as snow,  
I'm crippled, and a fixture it is true,  
I shall never race again  
Because of this 'ere pain,  
But I'll ne'er forget the race of Minoru.  
No! when my days are numbered,  
(If I live to be a hundred)  
An' when I'm not a Man, but just a Screw,  
I'll be thinking of that time  
('Twas, you know, in '909)  
An' the King, *our* King and Minoru.

## *Drop Your Hands*

Tom Firr indulged in a very big bit  
(Always in pictures he's seen using it),  
"Plenty of iron; you don't need to use it."  
"Yes, Firr—quite right, but *so many abuse it!*"

A light-mouthed puller's a difficult horse,  
A short-cheeked bridle will suit him, of course;  
A snaffle the bit for a horse that takes hold  
(At least, it's all right if the rider is bold).

The acme of bliss when you're hunting the fox  
Is riding a horse who will jump off his hocks;  
While quite the worst feeling, and one to be banned,  
Is a horse which will only jump off his fore-hand.

"What *shall* I put on him, really I wonder?"  
"Try to improve his ways with a 'secunder.'"  
"Only unless you will ride for a fall,  
I shouldn't get up on the beggar at all!"

All kinds of horses, all kinds of tackle—  
Cut out the arguments, cut out the cackle;  
A "bridle for scolds" I think should be found  
For some of those writing for dear *Horse and Hound!*

Pelham or snaffle, Liverpool double?  
What a commotion—what's all the trouble?  
Dozens of letters from horse-loving lands—  
It isn't the *bridle*, my boys; it's the *hands!*



*Tom Firr indulged in a very big bit.*





## *To Steve Donoghue*

*(In Memoriam).*

You have loved horses, Steve,  
And they loved you.  
Each understood the other,  
So it's true  
That both together,  
Almost centaur,  
Achieved such deeds  
As ne'er were done before.  
Six Derbys won!  
(And did you make them scuttle!)  
Humorist, Papyrus, Manna, Captain Cuttle,  
Pommern—and Gay Crusader—  
Every horse you loved  
And they adored you.  
I fully do believe  
Each knew and understood

The cry of "Come on, Steve,"  
As with pricked ears they struggled in the fight,  
And heard at last the fateful shout go up  
"A-l-l R-i-g-h-t!"  
Well! There's one friend you'll see before so long—  
Brown Jack! And as you ask permission  
From good St. Peter:  
"May I lead him in, Sir?"  
I'd like to bet my life  
You both will get admission.

Two very gallant friends  
Who fought as one—  
Well done, Brown Jack!  
Well done, Steve! Well done!



*The Late Lieut.-Col. Charles Rich,*  
*D.S.O.*

(*"The Old Crock"*).

G O N E . A W A Y

And so, old Friend, you now have slipped away  
Past the dark covert—where the stream runs grey,  
Through mud and mire, through heavy plough no more  
Shall you now toil, as you have toiled before.  
Quick as a shot you heard the View Holloa.  
Answered the call, and there "Old Crock" you go.  
What's that they say? "I think he's gone to ground";  
Ah, no! believe me, he is upward bound;  
Yonder he goes, to where the sun shines high,  
If we ride straight perhaps you, too—and I—  
May cross the final steep-banked awful brook  
To find at last the peace for which we look.  
Good-bye for now, but this is not the end,  
Just till we meet again, all's well, old Friend.

# *In Kineton Churchyard*

## *At Jack Brown's Funeral.*

Good-bye, old Friend, you too have "gone away"  
To every man his hour,—to every dog his day !  
Shades of the Mighty Ones flitted across my mind—  
(I seemed to hear the horn on the April wind)  
And through the aeons of time to see them pass—  
Peel of the Fells in "coat so grey," Tom Moody too,  
How long ago since some of them were born !  
Tom Firr, that matchless wizard with the Quorn,  
Jack's own dear "Lordship" of the South Notts era,  
Willoughby de Broke who only just has gone.  
And suddenly a feeling most forlorn  
Swept over me. Then, Vision—Fancy—call it what you will  
I heard come ringing through the air—suddenly strangely still  
"Jack's Forrard ! Forrard ! Forrard !"  
And the Mighty Ones whispering and sighing,  
"Just for the sake of those who do come back,"  
"For memory of the Past,"  
"Keep the flag flying."

"PECCA VI."









